

VOL. 4. NO. 4

JULY, 1944

Shadow

10^c

THE SHADOW

in another World

also

MYSTIFIES BERLIN!





**BE POPULAR - LEARN
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in 5 DAYS...or NO COST!**

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DIAGRAMS**

**Illustration Shows the
First Basic Step of
the RHUMBA**



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Name

Address

City State

SHADOW again meets SOLARUS on the PLANET VENUS



SOLARUS, THE STRANGE INVENTOR, WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SPACEMASTER, HAS USED HIS FAMOUS MICROSTAT CHAMBER TO REDUCE HIMSELF IN SIZE, ALONG WITH A CREW OF DESPERATE CRIMINALS AND THEIR TWO PRISONERS, MARGO LANE AND VALDA RUINE...

TURN THIS PAGE AND LEARN WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE SHADOW TAKES UP THE MOST AMAZING QUEST OF HIS LONG AND INIMITABLE CAREER, AN INTERPLANETARY CHASE THROUGH THE VAST SPACES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM!!!!

Zooming through space, SOLARUS, the mad scientist, is using his STRATOMIC ROCKET to carry new settlers to the planet VENUS !!!!!



I HAVE USED MY MICROSTAT TO MAKE PEOPLE SMALL SO THAT MY MINIATURE ROCKET WILL CARRY THEM WITH ITS STRATOMIC POWER!



**MEANWHILE.
ON EARTH...**

SOLARUS
COULDN'T HAVE
GONE IN THAT
ROCKET OF HIS
BECAUSE THE
SKYLIGHT IS
TOO SMALL

IT
CERTAINLY
LOOKS
THAT WAY,
COMMISSIONER



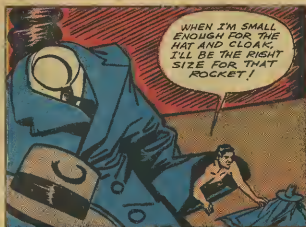
**HERE IS ANOTHER
MODEL ROCKET
SHIP, COMMISSIONER.
I THINK I SHALL
TRY AN EXPERIMENT
WITH IT**

**GO RIGHT
AHEAD, CRANSTON.
MEANWHILE I
SHALL HAVE MY
MEN SCOUR THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
AND FIND WHERE
SOLARUS AND
HIS THUGS
ARE HIDING!**



**I'M GLAD I FOUND THESE
IN THAT DOLL'S HOUSE. I
THINK I SHALL NEED THEM
AFTER I PULL THIS LEVER!**





WHEN I'M SMALL
ENOUGH FOR THE
HAT AND CLOAK,
I'LL BE THE RIGHT
SIZE FOR THAT
ROCKET!



IF THIS ISN'T
AN OBSOLETE
MODEL, I'LL BE
GOING WHERE
SOLARUS AND
THE REST WENT!

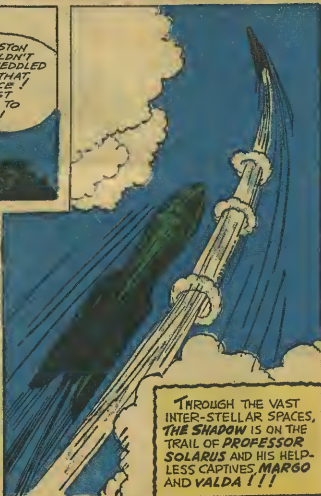


LOOK,
COMMISSIONER.
THERE GOES
A ROCKET!

CRANSTON
SHOULDN'T
HAVE MEDDLED
WITH THAT
EVIDENCE!
I MUST
SPEAK TO
HIM!



WHY CRANSTON IS
GONE TOO! I
WONDER HOW!



THROUGH THE VAST
INTER-STARAL SPACES,
THE SHADOW IS ON THE
TRAIL OF PROFESSOR
SOLARUS AND HIS HELP-
LESS CAPTIVES, MARGO
AND VALDA!!!

IN THE
FIRST
ROCKET
SHIP....

ARE WE
GOING
UP OR
COMING
DOWN?

THAT'S WHAT
I DON'T
WANT TO
FIND OUT!

YOU SAY
WE'RE
GOING
TO THE
PLANET,
VENUS?

THAT'S
RIGHT...

AND NOW THAT OUR
SPEED HAS REACHED
A MILLION MILES A
MINUTE, WE MUST BE
ALMOST THERE!

THE ATMOSPHERE
OF VENUS IS THICK
WITH STORM CLOUDS
CONSTANTLY. WE
HAVE ARRIVED!

SAY, PROF...
LOOK AT ALL
THAT LIGHTNING!

BOOM

BOOM

CRASH

OUR
AUTOMATIC
PARACHUTE

WHAT'S
GOING TO
STOP US?

SAY...IT'S
REALLY
LETTING US
DOWN,
EASY!

OF COURSE.
THE ATMOSPHERE
OF VENUS IS FAR
MORE DENSE THAN
THAT OF THE EARTH

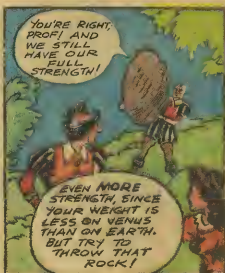


SO THIS IS VENUS!

DON'T TRY TO LAM, DOLLS!

LOOK AT ALL THEM BOULDERS!

THOSE ARE ONLY PEBBLES! REMEMBER, WE ARE STILL REDUCED TO VERY TINY SIZE



YOU'RE RIGHT, PROF! AND WE STILL HAVE OUR FULL STRENGTH!

EVEN MORE STRENGTH, SINCE YOUR WEIGHT IS LESS ON VENUS THAN ON EARTH. BUT TRY TO THROW THAT ROCK!



IT DIDN'T GO FAR!

THESE THINGS MUST BE WEAKENING!

THE DENSE ATMOSPHERE SLOWED YOUR THROW!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE QUEER MONUMENTS

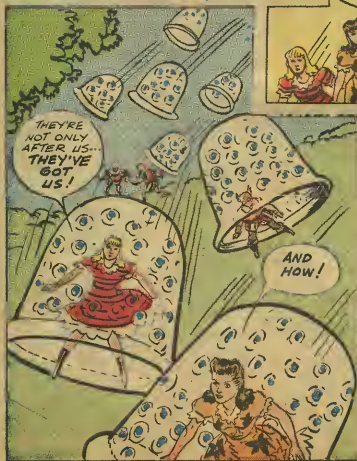
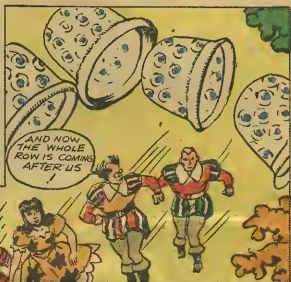
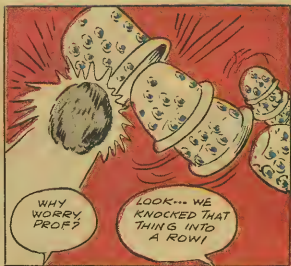
SHALL WE LET THE DAMES LEAD THE WAY, PROF?

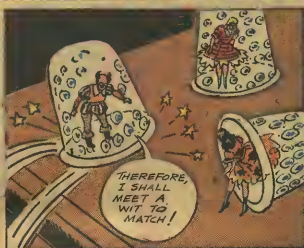
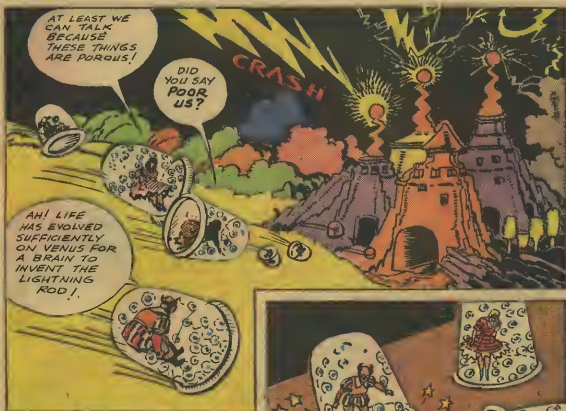
CERTAINLY, BUT BE ON CONSTANT LOOKOUT FOR SIGNS OF ANIMAL LIFE!



IT...IT'S ALIVE!

AND LOOKING AT US!





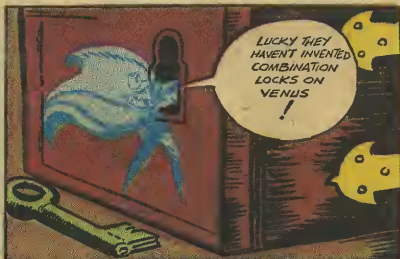






HEY...
SOMETHING'S
STEPPING
ON MY
SHOULDER!

YOUR
SHOULDER...
IT'S ON
MY
HEAD!



LUCKY THEY
HAVEN'T INVENTED
COMBINATION
LOCKS ON
VENUS!



QUITE A
DILEMMA FOR
MARGO AND
VALDA! I'LL
MAKE A QUICK
TRIP OUT TO
THE ROCKET...



BUT LOOK, VALDA!
A 45 COMING
ALONG THE FLOOR!
ONLY THE SHADOW
COULD BE
BRINGING IT!

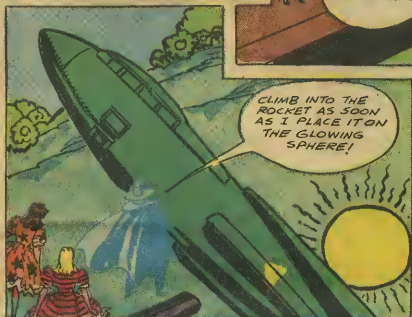
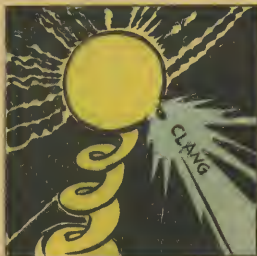


NOW TO
PUNCH
THAT
HAIR-
TRIGGER!



DON'T STRETCH,
MARGO, OR
YOU'LL RIP
RIGHT INTO
THE LIQUID
AIR!

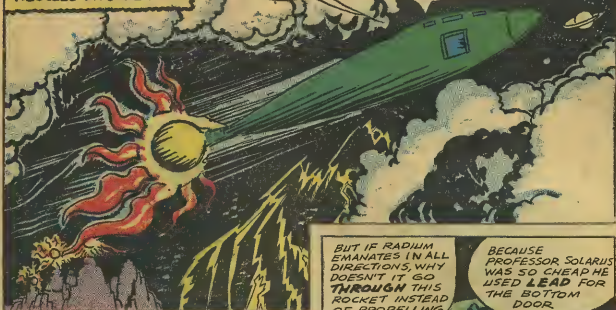




UP THROUGH THE PERPETUAL STORM-
CLOUDS OF VENUS
SAILS THE REJUVENATED
ROCKET SHIP CARRYING
THE SHADOW EARTH-
WARD WITH THE
RESCUED PRISONERS!!!

BUT, LAMONT!
HOW IS THAT
LUMINOUS
SPHERE GIVING
ALL THIS ?
POWER?

BECAUSE IT'S
PURE **RADIUM**
THE ONLY METAL
POWERFUL ENOUGH
TO COUNTERACT THE
GRAVITY OF
VENUS!



BUT IF RADIUM
EMANATES IN ALL
DIRECTIONS, WHY
DOESN'T IT GO
THROUGH THIS
ROCKET INSTEAD
OF PROPELLING
IT?

BECAUSE
PROFESSOR SOLARUS
WAS SO CHEAP HE
USED **LEAD** FOR
THE BOTTOM
DOOR.

WELL, LAMONT,
I SUPPOSE THAT
LEAVES SOLARUS
AND HIS THUGS
ON VENUS FOR
KEEPS!

I HARDLY
THINK SO.
MARGO. SUYEN
WILL BE TOO
GLAD TO SEND
THEM BACK TO
OUR WORLD,
NOW THAT I
HAVE SHOWN
HIM HOW.
**SOLARUS WILL
RETURN!**



AND LEAD IS
THE ONE METAL
THAT RADIUM IS
SLOW TO
PENETRATE!



THE CLUE OF THE SICK FISH I

IS THE TRUE STORY
OF AN "IMPOSSIBLE"
CRIME

SOLVED BY

RUSSELL SWANN

WHO PERFORMS MAGIC BE-
FORE THE WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS PEOPLE AND IN THE
SMARTEST HOTELS.

IT'S IN

AIR ACE

ON SALE MARCH 28

DOC SAVAGE

IN **BLIND
FLIGHT**



DOC SAVAGE'S LATEST
SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY--
A WAY TO FLY A PLANE
BLIND, THROUGH THE
THICKEST CLOUDS AND
THE WORST STORMS--
EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE
BEEN FINE IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR DR. VEX--HE
WANTED DOC'S INVENTION!

THEY'RE ALL
BLACK / WHAT
FOOL PAINTED
THEM?

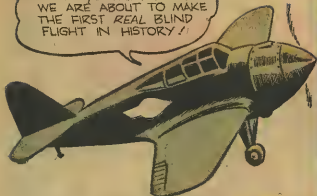


I WAS THE
FOOL!

WHAT?



YES, I PAINTED THEM.
WE ARE ABOUT TO MAKE
THE FIRST REAL BLIND
FLIGHT IN HISTORY!!



WE'RE GOING TO FLY FROM
NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES
BY TELEVISION. I'VE NOTIFIED
THE PAPERS. WE'LL HAVE A
REGULAR RECEPTION
COMMITTEE WAITING
FOR US!



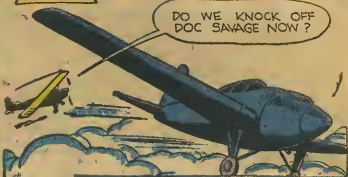
I GET IT NOW- YOU'VE GOT
A TELEVISION BEAM THAT
SCANS THE EARTH. YOU
JUST IFLY ACCORDING TO
THE SCREEN.

EXACTLY!
THERE'S NO CEILING
ZERO WITH MY
GADGET! THE BEAM
SEES THROUGH CLOUDS
AND RAIN. NOTHING
CAN STOP US!



NOTHING?

DO WE KNOCK OFF
DOC SAVAGE NOW?



A THOUSAND MILES - TWO THOUSAND
GLIDE BY SMOOTHLY ---

MONK IS VERY EXCITED
ABOUT THIS PIONEERING
FLIGHT, ISN'T HE?

GUESS HE DOESN'T
REALIZE WHAT A
BOON THIS DEVICE OF
MINE WILL BE.

NOW, RATS, HOW OFTEN
DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU NOT
TO THINK? LEAVE THAT TO
OLD DR. VEX. TAIL THEM!
I'LL TELL YOU WHEN...



FLIGHT'S END -

IT'S A SUCCESS!
WE'VE
MADE IT!

MONK/
WAKE UP!
WE'RE OVER
LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES??

HERE'S THE REAL TEST!
LANDING BLIND, GUIDED
ONLY BY THE TELEVISION
SCREEN! HOLD ON
TO YOUR HATS!

NOW!!
NOW?



WHAT THE --?
MONK, BREAK
ONE OF THE
WINDOWS
AND SEE
WHAT'S
UP!

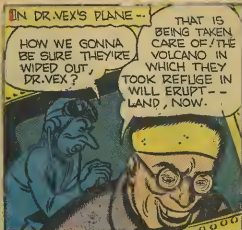
ULP! DOC --
PLANE --
MACHINE GUNNING
US! WORSE THAN
THAT THOUGH --

WHAT
COULD BE
WORSE THAN
THAT?

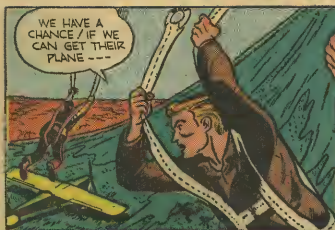
-- WE AIN'T
OVER LOS ANGELES!

THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
WE MUST BE!
IF WE AREN'T
THEN WE HAD
BETTER GET OUT.
DON CHUTES!







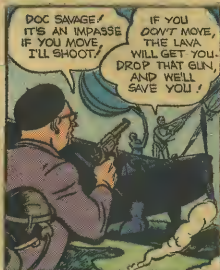


WE HAVE A CHANCE / IF WE CAN GET THEIR PLANE ---



YOU BETTER DROP IT -- IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE !

HOW ANNOYING, I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT !!



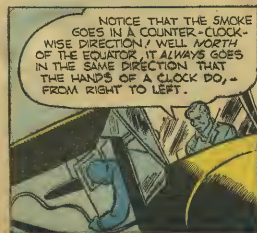
DOC SAVAGE / IT'S AN IMPASSE IF YOU MOVE I'LL SHOOT!

IF YOU DON'T MOVE, THE LAVA WILL GET YOU. DROP THAT GUN, AND WE'LL SAVE YOU !



JUST LOOKS LIKE SMOKE TO ME

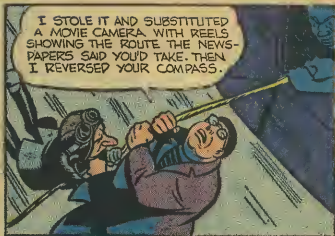
WHEREVER WE ARE WE'RE SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR ! LOOK AT THE SMOKE FROM THE VOLCANO !



NOTICE THAT THE SMOKE GOES IN A COUNTER-CLOCK-WISE DIRECTION ! WELL NORTH OF THE EQUATOR, IT ALWAYS GOES IN THE SAME DIRECTION THAT THE HANDS OF A CLOCK DO, - FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.

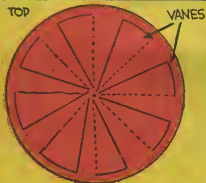


LET US IN THE PLANE, THE ROPE IS ON FIRE !



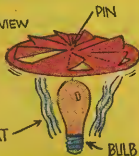
NOTICE ANY CHIMNEY ON A STILL, WINDLESS DAY IF YOU LIVE IN NORTH AMERICA, AND YOU'LL SEE THAT THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH MAKES THE SMOKE GO FROM RIGHT TO LEFT--IN SOUTH AMERICA, THE REVERSE IS TRUE. IT GOES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT--

TOP



CUT VANES ON DOTTED LINE AND BEND UP--

SIDEVIEW



HERE'S HOW TO SHOW THAT HOT AIR ALWAYS RISES -- THIS IS THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SAVED DOC SAVAGE IN THE VOLCANO. MAKE A PIN WHEEL AS IN SKETCH OUT OF PAPER, AND A PIN, AND PUT IT ON TOP OF A LIGHT BULB. THE HEAT RISING WILL MAKE THE PIN WHEEL ROTATE.



"HUCK" FINN

THE WORLD'S GREATEST STORY FOR BOYS IS PICTURED IN EACH ISSUE OF

SUPERSNIPE

The Shadow Baffles BERLIN



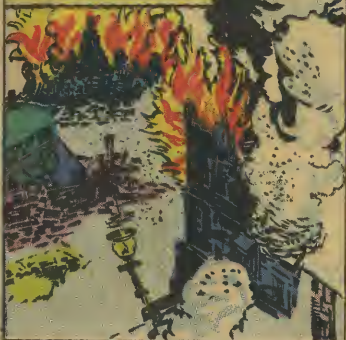
'The Shadow' Baffles Berlin

By the Associated Press.

STOCKHOLM, Jan. 17.—Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels has all Berlin guessing about a shadow and a question mark. Posters appeared overnight on the ruins of bombed buildings, on walls, pillars, and on newspaper front pages showing the shadow of a man in a slouch hat, with a big question mark. No explanation was given, but Aftonbladet's Berlin correspondent suggested it was the opening shot in an anti-spy campaign.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, THE ABOVE ITEM APPEARED IN NEWSPAPERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.... KNOWING THAT GOEBBELS NEVER HAD ANYBODY GUESSING (EXCEPT HIMSELF) WE HAVE PREPARED A BETTER EXPLANATION... READ OUR VERSION OF HOW THE SHADOW BAFFLED BERLIN !!!!!

OUR STORY OPENS IN BERLIN, THE DAY AFTER BRITISH MOSQUITO BOMBERS COMPLETED AN "AROUND-THI-CLOCK" POUNDING OF THE GERMAN CAPITAL BEGUN BY THE R. A. F. "HEAVIES"...



THE GESTAPO AGENT BRINGS THE MYSTERIOUS PLACARD TO THE INSIDIOUS MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA... HERR GOEBBELS...



SO SPREAD THE RUMOR THAT THESE PLACARDS WERE POSTED BY US AS PART OF AN ANTI-SPY CAMPAIGN! LATER WE CAN COVER THEM WITH OTHER POSTERS!



AND MEANWHILE FIND ALL PERSONS SUSPECTED OF BELONGING TO THE UNDERGROUND! PUT THEM INTO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY AT ONCE!

WE WILL SPREAD THE RUMOR FAST...



UND HERR GOEBBELS HASS POSTED THESE AS AN OBJECT LESSON!

SO! ISS DOT ALL THEY MEAN?

WE HAFF OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT...

LIKE AIR-RAIDS FOR INSTANCE!



SO AS TO BEGIN THE ROUND-UP QUICKLY!



AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS...

WE MUST MAKE THE ROUND-UPS QUICK!

BEFORE THE MOSQUITO BOMBERS GIFF ANOTHER DAYLIGHT RAID!



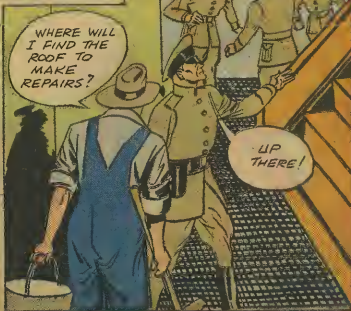
DER RUMOR HASS BEEN SPREAD!

GOOT! WE CAN BE GOING TO HEADQUARTERS BACK!



WHERE WILL I FIND THE ROOF TO MAKE REPAIRS?

UP THERE!



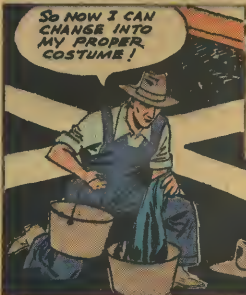
ON THE ROOF OF
GESTAPO HEAD-
QUARTERS, THE
REPAIR MAN
SETS TO WORK...



THAT
PART OF
THE JOB
IS
FINISHED...



SO NOW I CAN
CHANGE INTO
MY PROPER
COSTUME!



...SO I'LL
KEEP A
JUMP AHEAD
OF THEM
AND WARN
THE
UNDERGROUND!



BY NOW THE GESTAPO
WILL BE STARTING
ON THEIR ROUND-UP.



WE SHALL SEND
THESE PLACARDS
EVERYWHERE TO
TELL OUR FRIENDS
THAT **THE SHADOW**
IS HERE TO
AID US!



BUT THE
POSTERS
ARE ALL
BLANK!

IN THE UNDER-
GROUND'S HIDDEN
PRINTING PLANT...

THAT IS BECAUSE
OF THE INVISIBLE
INK THAT WE ARE
USING IT TAKES HEAT
TO DEVELOP IT!



BUT WHERE
DOES THE
HEAT COME
FROM?

FROM THE FIRES
SET BY THE
INCENDIARY
BOMBS DROPPED
BY THE MOSQUITO
RAIDERS!



THERE, THE
JOB IS
DONE ...



GOOD! NOW
LEAVE HERE
QUICKLY, BEFORE
THE GESTAPO ARRIVES.
TELL YOUR FRIENDS
TO ASSEMBLE
AT NOON..

THE
SHADOW!

...IN GESTAPO
HEADQUARTERS!



ALL WILL
BE WELL.
THE SHADOW
KNOWS!



WE HAA FOUND
DER UNDERGROUND'S
UNDERGROUND
PRINTING
PLANT!

THEY HAA RUN
AWAY WITHOUT
PRINTING THEIR
NEW PLACARDS!

GOOT!
WE CAN
POST THESE
BLANKS TO
GIF THEM
RIDICULE!



ELSEWHERE, MEMBERS OF THE UNDERGROUND ARE HOLDING A SECRET MEETING, WHEN...

THIS TIME I'M JUST A JUMP AHEAD!

AT GESTAPO HEAD-QUARTERS? THAT SOUNDS STRANGE!

ASSEMBLE AT GESTAPO HEAD-QUARTERS AT NOON!

LOOK OUT! HERE COMES THE GESTAPO NOW!

BUT IT IS AN ORDER FROM THE SHADOW... AND HE KNOWS!

IT MUST BE THE SHADOW HELPING US TO GET AWAY!

WHAT IS HITTING US?

SOME-THING INVISIBLE!

DER UNDERGROUND HASS DEVELOPED A NEW SECRET WEAPON!

SO HERE GOES WITH THAT JUMP!

NOW FOR A VISIT WITH HERR GOEBBELS BEFORE NOON!





THOSE
CREDENTIALS
... WERE
THEY
IMPORTANT,
HERR
GOEBBELS?

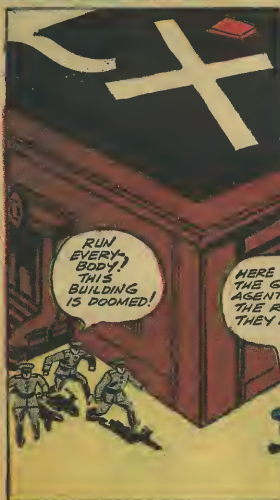
NOTHING
IS SO
IMPORTANT
AS GETTING
TO OUR
SPECIAL
AIR-RAID
SHELTER!

FIFTEEN MINUTES
TO REACH GESTAPO
HEADQUARTERS!

AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS...

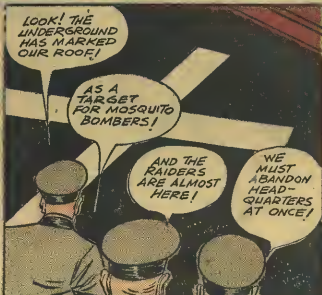


HERR GOEBBELS
SAY TO LOOK THE
ROOF AROUND!



RUN
EVERY
BODY!
THIS
BUILDING
IS DOOMED!

HERE COME
THE GESTAPO
AGENTS, LIKE
THE RATS
THEY ARE!



LOOK! THE
UNDERGROUND
HAS MARKED
OUR ROOF!

AS A
TARGET
FOR MOSQUITO
BOMBERS!

AND THE
RAIDERS
ARE ALMOST
HERE!

WE
MUST
ABANDON
HEAD-
QUARTERS
AT ONCE!



NOW WE CAN
TAKE OVER
THE GESTAPO
HEADQUARTERS...

AT
NOON,
AS THE
SHADOW
ORDERED!

AS THE LAST OF THE UNDERGROUND MEMBERS ENTER GESTAPO HEAD-QUARTERS, MOSQUITO RAIDERS ARRIVE ON SCHEDULE TO BOMB BERLIN AGAIN !!!

JUST IN TIME FOR MY APPOINTMENT!

THROUGH THE BOMB-SIGHT OF A MOSQUITO PLANE...

BOY, WOULD THAT BIG X MAKE A TARGET!

RIGHT! BUT IT MARKS THE ONE SPOT WE'RE TO LEAVE ALONE!

TAKE THESE CREDENTIALS AND DISTRIBUTE THEM AMONG YOU!

THE SHADOW!

WE CAN HEAR HIM BUT WE CAN'T SEE HIM!

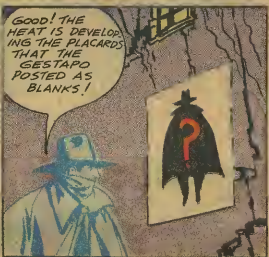
BUT WE CAN SEE THE CREDENTIALS!

BY POSING AS GESTAPO AGENTS YOU CAN SPREAD TO OCCUPIED COUNTRIES AND KEEP THEIR UNDERGROUND ORGANIZATIONS POSTED ON ALL NAZI PLANS!

AS THE RAIDERS DEPART, LEAVING NEW RUINS IN THE SHAMBLES OF BERLIN, THE MEMBERS OF THE UNDERGROUND LEAVE THEIR UNIQUE REFUGE—



GOOD! THE HEAT IS DEVELOPING THE PLACARDS THAT THE GESTAPO POSTED AS BLANKS!



LOOK, HERR GOEBBELS! OUR PROPAGANDA BUILDING. IT ISS KAPUT!

THE BUILDING, BAH! WHERE DID THESE NEW PLACARDS COME FROM?

WE DON'T KNOW, HERR GOEBBELS!

ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS!



HOW TO WRESTLE
TOLD BY
COACH "DUTCH" LEHMAN

WHOSE TEAMS CAPTURED THE P.S.L.W. CHAMPIONSHIP FOR NINE OUT OF TEN YEARS.

IT'S IN
TRUE SPORT
PICTURE STORIES

NOW ON SALE

CHICK CARTER

in
"RED + GREEN
= BLACK!"



JOHN MEDITZ

THE MUTUAL NETWORK
PRESENTS THE ADVENTURES
OF CHICK CARTER BOY
DETECTIVE, DAILY AT 5:30
P.M.T. CHICK IS PRESIDENT
OF THE INNER CIRCLE CLUB
WHICH IS OPEN TO ALL YOU
GUYS AND GALS WHOSE
PATRIOTISM CAN HELP
YOUR HOME TOWN...



GEE, I'M GLAD YOU GOT HERE, SUE.
I RECEIVED A NOTE, A PLEA FOR HELP
FROM MR. RAST. THE ADDRESS IS
DOWN THE STREET, COME ON!

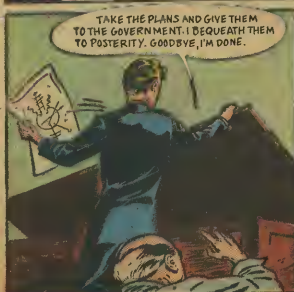
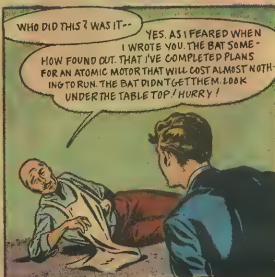
IF THAT ISN'T JUST
LIKE A MAN. NOT ONE
WORD ABOUT MY SHARP
GREEN SUN GLASSES OH
WELL, MEN WILL BE MEN.

HERE WE ARE SUE, LOOK. THERE'S ONE OF
THE BAT'S MEN. TAIL HIM, WHILE I SEE WHAT
NEW DEVILTRY THE BAT'S BEEN UP TO!





ONCE THROUGH THE OUTER DOOR CHICK CAUTIOUSLY
OPENS A DOOR INSIDE THE HOUSE...





I CAN'T LET THE BAT HAVE THESE
I CAN'T EVEN IF IT MEANS
MY DEATH!

ALL RIGHT, HERE
YOU ARE BAT!

AS THE BAT REACHES

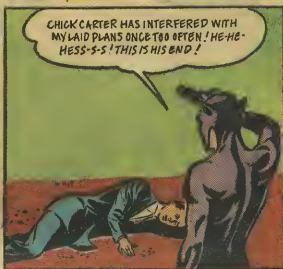


CHICK CARTER HAS INTERFERED WITH
MY LAID PLANS ONCE TOO OFTEN! HE-HE-
HESS-S-S! THIS IS HIS END!



THIS IS FAREWELL, MY
YOUNG FRIEND!

I'VE CHECKED
THESE PLANS, SO
I'VE BEEN TRICKED.
TRICKED AGAIN. THESE ARE
PLANS FOR A MOUSE
TRAP BUT IT WON'T HELP
YOU, YOU DIE SLOWLY,
BY POISON GAS-S.



THE CELLAR DOOR CLOSES LEAVING CHICK
TO DIE OF POISON GASES....



I CAN'T BREAK THESE HANDCUFFS AND
I CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH FOR MORE THAN
THREE MINUTES. IF THIS IS THE END I WISH I
KNEW WHY THE BAT SAID I TRICKED HIM
THOSE ARE THE PLANS MR RAST
GAVE ME!

MEANWHILE
SUB

I'VE LEFT A TRAIL OF INNER CIRCLE MARKERS. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, CHICK CAN FOLLOW. THERE GOES THE BAT'S MAN AROUND THE CORNER..



BUT THERE IS NO ONE TO TRAIL SUB....

FINALLY! THERE HE GOES INTO THAT HOTEL. THE NAME OF IT IS THE "MOON". I'LL WRITE ON THE MARKER AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND THERE.



SEEKING THE HOTEL AND

THE CLERK SAID HIS ROOM WAS DOWN HERE.



I THOUGHT I SPOTTED YOU TRAILING ME. THE BAT WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU WHEN HE GETS HERE. STEP INTO MY PARLOR...



IN THE CELLAR CHICK THROWS HIS LAST DESPAIRING STRENGTH INTO.....

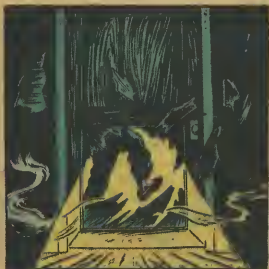
IF ONLY THE OTHER END WILL COME LOOSE NOW LEVERAGE SHOULD HELP!



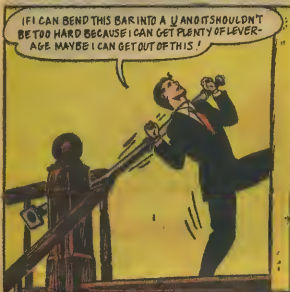
CRA-ACK

I CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH MUCH LONGER. THE DOOR-





PHW! I NEVER EXPECTED TO SMELL FRESH AIR AGAIN. GEE THERE'S NO SIGN OF SUE. SHE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW-I CAN'T FOLLOW WITH THIS RIG ON.



IF I CAN BEND THIS BAR INTO A U AND IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD BECAUSE I CAN GET PLENTY OF LEVERAGE MAYBE I CAN GET OUT OF THIS!



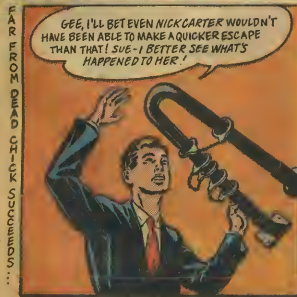
BAT! LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT TRAILING ME!

HEHEHESS! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY EVEN IF I DIDN'T GET THE PLANS! CHICK CARTER IS DEAD AND NOW I'LL GET RID OF THIS NUISANCE!

CHICK HIDES THE PLANS THEN FOLLOWS THE INNER CIRCLE MARKERS TILL...



"MAN WENT TO MOON HOTEL, AM FOLLOWING HIM- SUE" SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT! WHY DIDN'T SHE WAIT FOR ME? THE MOON HOTEL, WONDER WHERE THAT IS?



GEE, I'LL BET EVEN NICK CARTER WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO MAKE A QUICKER ESCAPE THAN THAT! SUE-I BETTER SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER!

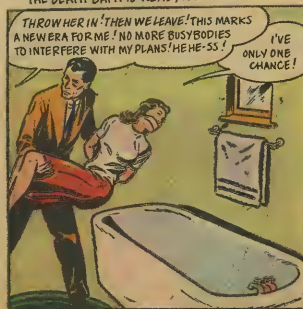
FAR FROM DEAD CHICK SUCCEEDS...



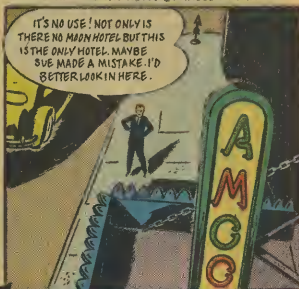
SUE HAS GIVEN UP HOPE....



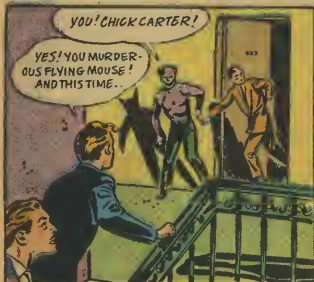
THE DEATH BATH IS READY...



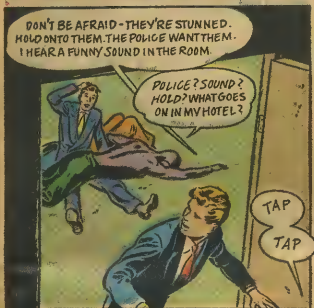
CHICK SEARCHES THE NEIGHBORHOOD IN VAIN...



CHICK HEARS THE SOUND AND RACES UPSTAIRS IN TIME TO



CHICK ENTERS JUST IN TIME.....



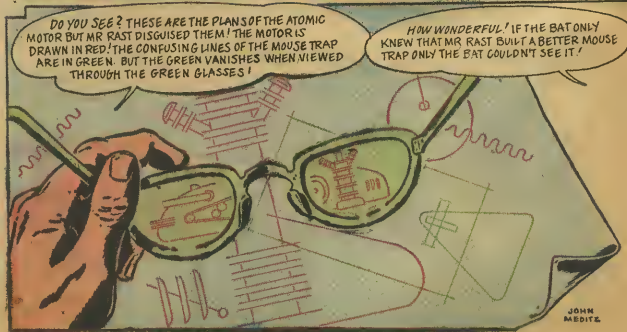
CHICK UNTIES SUE AND THEN PHONES SHERIFF BARKER TO MEET THEM AT THE INVENTORS HOUSE...



AS THEY HURRY TO MEET THE SHERIFF, CHICK EXPLAINS....



THE BAT MEET THE SHERIFF AT RAST'S HOUSE.



Chick Carter's



Crime Problems

INNER CIRCLE

"We've been studying fingerprints and finger-printing," said Chick Carter.

All the members of the Inner Circle nodded in agreement but Beef. He got to his feet and burst out, "Studying! We've been boning up on them! I've never studied so hard in all my life!"

"It's good to know that you *can* study," smiled Chick. "From the looks of your last report card I was beginning to wonder! But that's aside from the point. There's more to being a detective than knowing things. You have to be able to *apply* your knowledge.

"That's why," Chick went on, "I want to forget fingerprints at this meeting. Instead, I'd like to test your ability to reason. I'm going to give you all the facts concerned with a crime problem and then see if you can solve the case! Agreed?"

Everyone nodded. "Okay, then. Here are the facts," said Chick. "A man is in a telephone booth. He is talking to his girl friend. Suddenly—in the midst of the conversation between the man and his girl, a shot rings out!"

Chick paused, looked at the members and then continued: "The girl screamed, 'I'm shot!' The man opened the door of the telephone booth and walked off! Why?"

Beef was on his feet instantly. "I know! The man knew the girl was listening to a radio program and *that's* where the sound of the shot and the girl's scream came from! That's an easy one," smiled Beef.

"Very easy," agreed Chick, "except that you're wrong! You didn't take all the factors into account. I said that *the girl* said she was shot! If it'd been a radio I'd have said a girl screamed! Anyone else?"

Sue looked thoughtful then said, "Well, this seems far-fetched but maybe— Can I ask a question, Chick?"

"Sure," said Chick, "as many as you want to. As a matter of fact, I don't think you can solve this knotty little problem without asking for more information! There's one big clue in something I left out, deliberately!"

"My question," asked Sue, "is this. Did the girl commit suicide? Because if she did, that would explain why the man just walked away!"



"That's better than Beef's solution," said Chick. "But no—she was murdered!"

"Well, if she was murdered," said Beef, "I've got it! The man had some kind of clock gadget rigged up in the girl's house and the clock set the gun off and shot the girl while she was talking! Right?"

"Wrong!" said Chick. "Although you are getting warmer. The man *did* kill the girl! Now—can anyone of you solve it?"

Beef, still standing, said, "If it isn't a clock gadget, then the man had a gun fastened to the phone! That's all!"

"No," said Chick. "There's no gadget and no machine concerned. 'You still haven't asked the one question that would give you the solution.'"

"Tom, one of the newest members of the Inner Circle was on his feet. 'Maybe,' he said, 'this isn't important, but when you gave us the facts, you didn't say anything about the man hanging up the telephone after the girl was shot! If he killed her, he would not want an open connection on the phone, 'cause that'd attract the operator's attention. Now, did he hang up the receiver?'"

"Very good!" Chick smiled at Tommy. "Excellent, as a matter of fact! Tom has put his finger on it! The answer is, no, the man did *not* hang up the receiver!"

Chick waited but no one said anything. Finally Chick said, "Shucks, I thought you'd get it instantly, once you knew that!"

Sue said, "I don't know about the rest of the members but I'm more confused than ever. If the man didn't hang up. . . . No. I just don't get it! What is the answer?"

Chick looked at the rest of the members. "Everyone give up?" he asked. There was a chorus of nods.

"There's a trick to it," explained Chick, "but I didn't think it would fool you *this* badly! Remember, I said, the man was in a phone booth talking to his girl?" Everyone nodded.

"I did *not* say he was talking on the phone! All of you assumed he was on the phone and the girl was some place else, talking on the phone!"

"Good grief!" exclaimed Sue. "No wonder he just walked away! The man and the girl were *both* in the phone booth and *that's* where he shot her!"

Chick smiled. "Right. You see, Beef, no gadgets, no clocks, just a gun!"

"Aw gee," said Beef, "that was a dirty trick! Try us on another one."

"Alright," said Chick. "Here's an easy one. Now remember, take everything into account before you try to solve this: Here are the circumstances: A man is found out in the center of a bridge near the railing. He's dead, shot through the heart! In the stone railing of the bridge there is a chip of stone missing. There's no sign of the

death weapon—but I'll tell you this, it was a gun. That's so Beef doesn't ask if the man was shot with a blow-gun. Besides this, there are powder marks on the man's clothes around the bullet hole.

"The question is," asked Chick, "is this a case of murder or suicide?"

Beef never learns. He was up before the last word was out of Chick's mouth. "Aw, that's a cinch! It's murder! If it was suicide there'd have been a gun near him. And I'm taking everything into account because the chipped stone was made by a shot which missed!"



"Wonderful," said Chick, "absolutely wonderful! Except that as usual, you're wrong!"

"Wait a minute," said Sue. "Powder marks on the man's clothes! That means the gun was held very close to the man! It would be very difficult for a murderer to jam a gun in the man because instinctively, I think, the man would draw away from the gun. I think it's a case of suicide!" Sue finished.

"It was suicide!" answered Chick. "Now the remaining problem is—where did the gun go?"

Sue looked thoughtful and said, "I think the fact that the man shot himself on the bridge had something to do with it! Did he manage to throw the gun off the bridge into the water after he shot himself?"

"No," said Chick, "but you're getting close to the solution. Remember, I told you to take *all* the facts into account. Your solution, Sue, doesn't account for the chip of stone missing from the railing!"

"I have a question," said Tom.

"Fine, let's have it," said Chick.

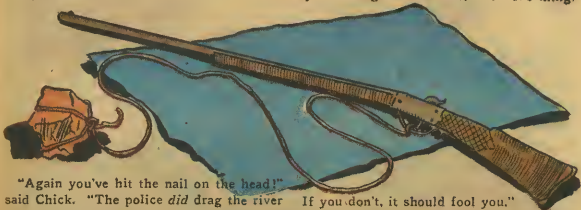
"Did the police search the water under the bridge—and what did they find?" asked Tom.

stone out! It was only because of that chip that the police bothered to drag the river. Otherwise they'd have considered it a perfect murder.

"I told you about this case," Chick continued, "because I wanted all of you to see how every fact, no matter how small, has a bearing on a crime case."

"This is a lot of fun," said Beef, "even if I have been a little bit wrong. Know any others?"

"Sometimes," said Chick, "a case can be solved because of a certain specialized knowledge. This next one, can't be solved by reasoning. You have to know one thing.



"Again you've hit the nail on the head!" said Chick. "The police *did* drag the river and they found the gun. Also tied to the gun they found a piece of string. Tied to the end of the string was a rock! Get it now?"

"That's very clever," said Sue. "The man wanted his suicide to look like murder, so he lowered the rock over the edge of the railing. Then he shot himself. When his grip on the gun relaxed, the weight of the stone yanked the gun over the railing and into the water!"

"One hundred percent, correct!" said Chick. "The gun, in being yanked over, hit the stone railing and knocked a chip of

If you don't, it should fool you."

Chick stopped and looked at his wrist-watch. "Good gravy!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea it was so late! I'll have to tell you about that next meeting. *This* meeting of the Inner Circle is adjourned."

"Just in time, too," said Beef, "or we'd be late for supper."

The members of the Inner Circle have to wait till next month to hear more from Chick Carter. But you don't! You can hear him every week-day over the WOR Mutual Network. Don't forget to tune in on radio's most exciting program, "Chick Carter"!

GHOSTS! TREASURE! LEGENDS!
ALL CONSPIRE IN THIS INCREDIBLE TALE OF
CASTLE PLAYFAIR TO TRY TO DEFEAT THE
INCREDIBLE
BLACKSTONE
IT'S TOLD IN
SUPER MAGICIAN COMICS
NOW ON SALE

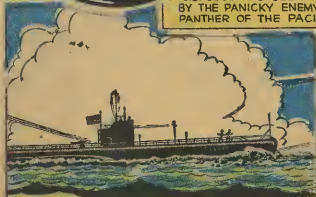
BLACK PANTHER

OF THE PACIFIC



FEARED MORE BY THE JAPS THAN DOOLITTLES BOMBERS AND HALSEY'S HARD-HITTING SURFACE SHIPS ARE THE UNPUBLICIZED HAVOC - WREACKING "PIGBOATS" OF THE U.S. SOUTH-WESTERN PACIFIC SUB COMMAND. TO DATE, THESE U.S. SUBS HAVE, PROPORTIONATELY, ACCOUNTED FOR

MORE JAP SINKINGS THAN ANY OTHER ARM OF OUR MILITARY, NAVAL OR AIR FORCES IN THAT AREA, AND THE GREATEST OF THESE U.S. SUBS HAS BEEN THE ONE DUBBED BY THE PANICKY ENEMY AS "THE BLACK PANTHER OF THE PACIFIC"



THE S-5* LEFT SAN FRANCISCO FOR HAWAII EARLY IN DECEMBER, 1941

SKIPPER KLAKRING'S BEEN IN THE WIRELESS ROOM ALL MORNING.

YEAH, SOMETHING MUST BE UP



*THE EXACT NUMBER OF "THE BLACK PANTHER" IS A MILITARY SECRET!



THE "SKIPPER" WAS LIEUTENANT
COMMANDER THOMAS B. KLAKRING,
U.S. NAVY, VETERAN SUBMARINE
NAVIGATOR..... HE WAS JUSTLY PROUD



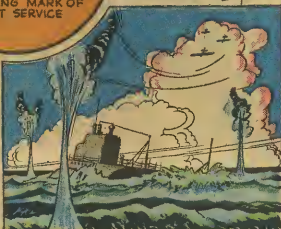
OF THE MEN WHO WORE
THE RATING MARK OF
THAT SERVICE

PIPED TO
GENERAL
QUARTERS
SOMETHING'S
HOT!

YEP! MUST
HAVE BEEN
THAT WIRE-
LESS MESS-
AGE SKIPPER
GOT!



MEN, THIS IS IT! THE JAPS
HAVE ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR
AND WE'RE AT WAR!!!



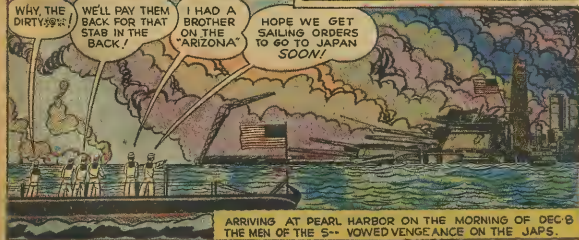
THE S-- WAS ATTACKED BY PLANES JUST
BEFORE IT REACHED PEARL HARBOR, BUT
SUBMERGED SAFELY

WHY, THE
DIRTY JAPS!

WE'LL PAY THEM
BACK FOR THAT
STAB IN THE
BACK!

I HAD A
BROTHER
ON THE
"ARIZONA"

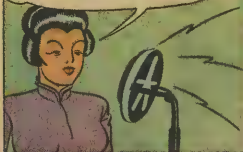
HOPE WE GET
SAILING ORDERS
TO GO TO JAPAN
SOON!



ARRIVING AT PEARL HARBOR ON THE MORNING OF DEC-8
THE MEN OF THE S-- VOWED VENGEANCE ON THE JAPS.



AGAIN YESTERDAY A MOST UNFORTUNATE SINKING OF ANOTHER SUPPLY VESSEL OFF OUR SHORELINE



THE MEN OF S-- ENJOYED LISTENING TO THE BROADCASTS OF THE WOMAN THEY CALLED "TOKIO ROSE" WHO MADE ENGLISH ANNOUNCEMENTS EVERY DAY SINCE PEARL HARBOR



BUT AFTER SEVERAL WAR-CARGO-LADEN SHIPS WERE SENT TO THE BOTTOM WITH THEIR CARGOES.

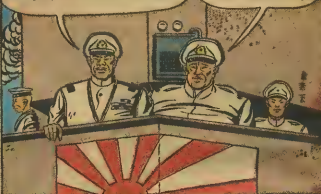
MOST UNFORTUNATE HAPPENING AGAIN TO REPORT... A TOTAL OF SIX CARGO SHIPS NOW LOST... AMERICAN SUBMARINE NOW BEING SOUGHT BY HONORABLE IMPERIAL NAVY



THE TRUTH COULD NO LONGER BE HELD FROM THE STARTLED JAPANESE PEOPLE

THESE YANKEE TIN FISH ARE MERE TOYS... WE SHALL EASILY SINK THIS ONE!

INDEED IT IS SO, HONORABLE COMMANDER!



THE FASTEST AND HEAVIEST-GUNNED DESTROYER SCOURED JAPANESE WATERS FOR S--



ONE ENEMY DESTROYER CAUGHT UP WITH THE S-- IN A SPOT WHERE SHE HAD REFUELED AND REARMED FROM A U.S. "MOTHER SHIP"

TOUGH LUCK, SHIPMATES, WE MISSED THAT DESTROYER... WITH OUR LAST TORPEDO!

WELL, SHE DIDN'T GET US EITHER, SKIPPER!





HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE... OUR DESTROYER "NAGASAKI" REPORTS HAVING SUNK DISHONORABLE AMERICAN SUBMARINE!



THE "BLACK PANTHER" WAS TIME AND AGAIN REPORTED AS SUNK BY THE JAPS... BUT SHE ALWAYS BOBBED UP AGAIN TO CONTINUE HER RAIDS ON ENEMY SHIPPING

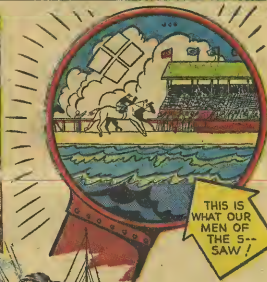
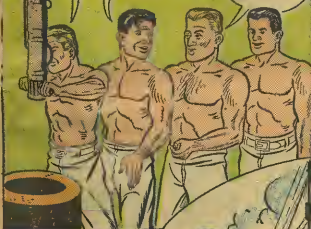
YOU MEN NEED A LITTLE RELAXATION. SUNDAY, WE'LL STEAM INSHORE AND WATCH THE PONY RACES ON THAT JAP BEACH!



DON'T FORGET OUR \$2 BET ON THAT WHITE PONY IN THE THIRD RACE, RED!

I'D RATHER WATCH THE GIANTS PLAY THE DODGERS AT EBBETS FIELD!

WONDER WHAT THEY'D DO IF WE SURFACED NOW! AND WE'RE LESS THAN A HUNDRED YARDS OFF THE BEACH!



THIS IS WHAT OUR MEN OF THE 5-- SAW!

THEN A FEW DAYS LATER

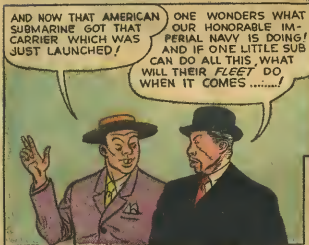


A BIG ENEMY TRANSPORT HAD JUST LEFT PORT WITH AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES FOR THE JAPS AT GUADALCANAL..



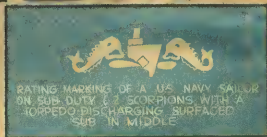
BOYS, THIS IS
OUR MEAT! AN
AMMUNITION
SHIP!
GET HER!

THAT JAP AMMUNITION WENT UP... AND
DOWN INTO DAVEY JONES' LOCKER!

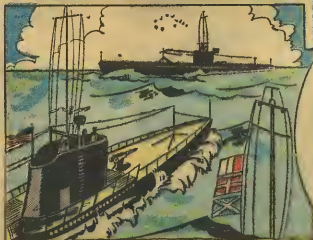


AND NOW THAT AMERICAN
SUBMARINE GOT THAT
CARRIER WHICH WAS
JUST LAUNCHED!

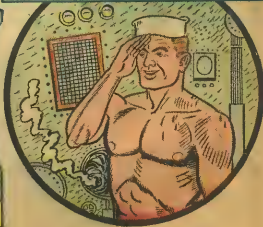
ONE WONDERS WHAT
OUR HONORABLE IM-
PERIAL NAVY IS DOING!
AND IF ONE LITTLE SUB
CAN DO ALL THIS, WHAT
WILL THEIR FLEET DO
WHEN IT COMES!

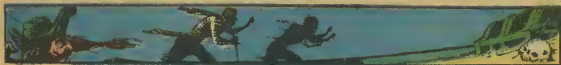


RATING MARKING OF A U.S. NAVY SAILOR
ON SUB DUTY (2 SCORPIONS WITH A
TORPEDO-DISCHARGING SURFACED
SUB IN MIDDLE)



AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE OF OUR HEROIC
"BLACK PANTHERS" GOING ON THE PROWL!





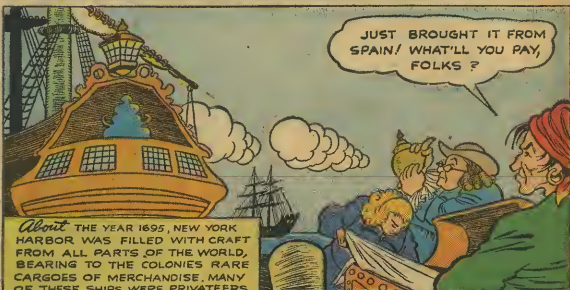
CAPTAIN KIDD

WHO HAS, FOR MANY GENERATIONS,
STIRRED MANY MEN TO SEEK HIS
RICH TREASURES. SOMEDAY
THEY MAY BE UNEARTHED.



By
CHARLES
W.
WESSELL—





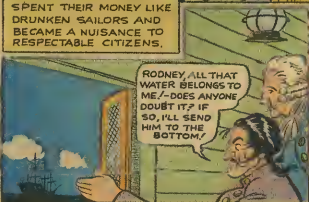
About THE YEAR 1695, NEW YORK HARBOR WAS FILLED WITH CRAFT FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, BEARING TO THE COLONIES RARE CARGOES OF MERCHANDISE. MANY OF THESE SHIPS WERE PRIVATEERS AND THEIR GOODS STOLEN ON THE HIGH SEAS.



Having DISPOSED OF THEIR ILLEGAL WARES, THESE SEA-GOING CRIMINALS SPENT THEIR MONEY LIKE DRUNKEN SAILORS AND BECAME A NUISANCE TO RESPECTABLE CITIZENS.



But THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT SOON TOOK MEASURES TO STOP THESE INDIVIDUALS.



Among THESE STRANGE CHARACTERS WAS CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD, ONE OF THE MOST NOTED PIRATES OF ALL TIME. STRANGELY ENOUGH, KIDD WAS A BRAVE AND BRILLIANT SEAMAN. LESSER PIRATES ADMIRED HIM.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KIDD

So LET US RAISE THE CURTAIN ON THE CAREER OF THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN KIDD.



LORD BELLAMONT, ENGLISH GOVERNOR OF BARBADOES, WISHING TO RIO THE SEAS OF PIRATES, DECIDED THAT IT "TAKES A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF" AND OFFERED KIDD COMMAND OF A GOVERNMENT VESSEL. BESIDES, BELLAMONT WAS THINKING HIMSELF ABOUT THE RICH CAPTURES CAPT. KIDD MIGHT MAKE.

YOU KNOW WHERE THESE FELLOWS LURK, CAPT. YOU SHALL HAVE A KING'S COMMISSION TO CAPTURE THEM!

M'LORD, I'M AT THE KING'S SERVICE, SIR!



AND WE ALSO REQUIRE YOU TO BRING, OR CAUSE TO BE BROUGHT, SUCH PIRATES, FREE-BOOTERS, OR SEA-ROVERS AS YOU SHALL SEIZE, TO A LEGAL TRIAL. AND WE DO HEREBY COMMAND ALL OUR OFFICERS, MINISTERS, AND OTHER OF OUR LOVING SUBJECTS WHATSOEVER, TO BE AIDING AND ASSISTING YOU IN THE PREMISES!

GIVEN THIS DAY UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF HIS ROYAL

And SO, ON THE 26TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1695, CAPT. KIDD WAS COMMISSIONED BY THE KING OF ENGLAND. HIS COMMISSION READ, IN PART— (SEE ABOVE)



STRICKEN BY WHAT SMALL CONSCIENCE HE HAD, CAPT. KIDD BURIED HIS BIBLE IN THE SAND ON THE SHORE BEFORE STARTING OUT ON HIS VENTURE.



---AND FURTHERMORE YOU MEN MAY RETURN HOME RICH! THE KING EXPECTS YOU TO SERVE HIM AND ME!

Then HE SAILED AWAY IN THE SHIP "ADVENTURE". HIS CRAFT WAS MANNED WITH 30 GUNS AND 80 MEN. IN NEW YORK HE PICKED UP 75 MORE. ALL HAD BEEN PROMISED A SHARE IN THE CAPTURES THEY MADE.



AYE, AYE, SIR!

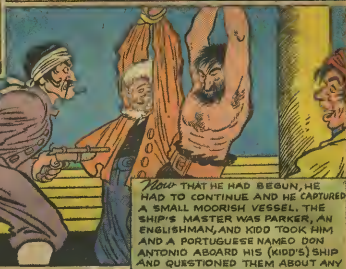
OUR PROVISIONS ARE RAPIDLY GOING WHILE WAITING HERE, AND THE SHIP NEEDS REPAIRS, WE WILL HAVE TO PUT IN AT ANOTHER PORT!

NINE MONTHS AFTER LEAVING PLYMOUTH, CAPTAIN KIDD ARRIVED AT MADAGASCAR, RENDEZVOUS OF THE PIRATES. SEARCHING THE WATERS, KIDD FOUND MOST PRIVATEERS AWAY LOOKING FOR PREY.



After REPAIRING HIS SHIP AND OBTAINING PROVISIONS, KIDD THEN SET SAIL FOR BAB'S KEY, AN ISLAND NEAR THE RED SEA. SUDDENLY, HE ABANDONED HIS ROLE OF LAW-ABIDING OFFICER, TURNING PIRATE ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT. THE MOCHA FLEET WAS DUE AND IT WOULD CONTAIN GREAT TREASURE. KIDD ORDERED A WATCH SET FOR THE FLEET.

The FLEET FINALLY APPEARED AND CAPT. KIDD RUSHED IN FOR THE ATTACK. HE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED BUT FOR SEVERAL MEN-OF-WAR THAT DROVE HIM OFF.



OUT WITH IT, WHAT. GOLD AND SILVER HAVE YOU? SPEAK UP OR I'LL CUT OUT YOUR TONGUES!

Now THAT HE HAD BEGUN, HE HAD TO CONTINUE AND HE CAPTURED A SMALL MOORISH VESSEL. THE SHIP'S MASTER WAS PARKER, AN ENGLISHMAN, AND KIDD TOOK HIM AND A PORTUGUESE NAMED DON ANTONIO ABOARD HIS (KIDD'S) SHIP AND QUESTIONED THEM ABOUT ANY TREASURE THEY MIGHT HAVE.

After ROBBING PARKER'S SHIP, KIDD LOCKED THE TWO MEN IN THE HOLD OF THE 'ADVENTURE'.



COME ON, MEN. WE'LL CATCH OUR PRIZES AND RICHES FOR ALL OF US.

Finally RELEASING PARKER AND DON ANTONIO, THE WORD SPREAD THAT CAPT. KIDD WAS ROBBING ON THE HIGH SEAS. A PORTUGUESE WARSHIP WAS SENT IN SEARCH OF KIDD. FOR SIX HOURS KIDD FOUGHT OFF THE WARSHIP AND THEN RETREATED.

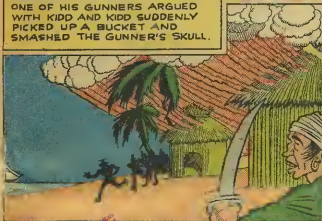




YOU DOG! I'LL
SHOW YOU WHO'S
MASTER OF
THIS
CRAFT!

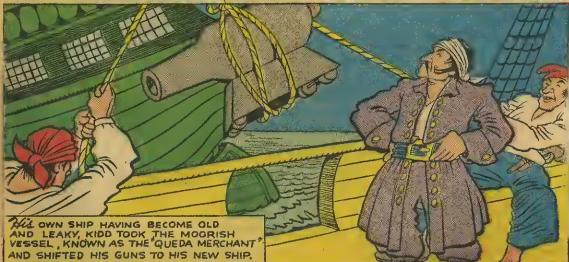
But, KIDD WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY.
A FEW WEEKS LATER, HE CAUGHT UP
WITH A DUTCH SHIP. KIDD DIDN'T
WANT TO ATTACK, BUT HIS CREW
INSISTED. THE MEN MUTINIED.
ONE OF HIS GUNNERS ARGUED
WITH KIDD AND KIDD SUDDENLY
PICKED UP A BUCKET AND
SMASHED THE GUNNER'S SKULL.

NEEDING WOOD AND WATER, CAPTAIN KIDD
SENT A MEMBER OF HIS CREW ASHORE TO
ONE OF THE MALABAR ISLANDS. THE MAN
WAS IMMEDIATELY KILLED BY THE NATIVES.

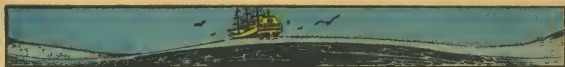


Captain KIDD WAS SO INCENSED THAT HE
LANDED WITH A LARGE FORCE OF HIS MEN
AND ROBBED AND BURNED THE VILLAGE.

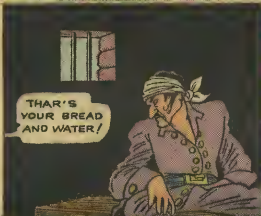
Shortly AFTERWARD, KIDD CAPTURED A
MOORISH SHIP AND WITH IT AN ENORMOUS
PRIZE. EACH OF HIS CREW RECEIVED
\$1000. KIDD, HIMSELF, AROUND \$40,000.



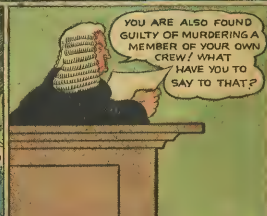
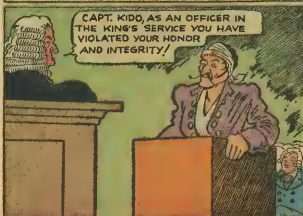
HIS OWN SHIP HAVING BECOME OLD
AND LEAKY, KIDD TOOK THE MOORISH
VESSEL, KNOWN AS THE 'QUEDA MERCHANT',
AND SHIFTED HIS GUNS TO HIS NEW SHIP.



News of KIDD'S PIRACIES HAVING REACHED ENGLAND, KIDD WAS DENDUNCED AND CHARGED WITH BEING A PIRATE. VERY MUCH FRIGHTENED, KIDD SET SAIL FOR BOSTON WITH HIS BOOTY, ARRIVING THERE, HE FOUND THAT MOST OF THE CITIZENS HAD HEARD OF HIS DEPREDACTIONS.



While HE AND HIS CREW WERE SWAGGERING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOSTON, KIDD WAS ARRESTED AND THROWN IN JAIL.



So IN MAY, 1701, CAPTAIN KIDD WAS BROUGHT TO TRIAL IN "OLD BAILEY" WITH SEVERAL OTHERS OF HIS CREW, KIDD WAS FOUND GUILTY.

Kidd WAS ALSO FOUND GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF HIS GUNNER.



I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY BUT THAT I'VE BEEN SWORN AGAINST BY WICKED AND PERJURED PEOPLE!



CAPTAIN KIDD, IT IS MY SOLEMN DUTY TO SENTENCE YOU TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD! MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!!



Captain KIDD WAS MARCHED TO THE GALLOWS TO MEET HIS FATE.

CAPTAIN KIDD, YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN, IF ONLY YOU HAD BEEN WITH THE LAW INSTEAD OF AGAINST IT!

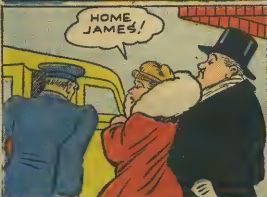
I HAVE BEEN BOTH, SIR!



Not UNFRIENDLY HANDS ADJUSTED THE NOOSE ABOUT CAPT. KIDD'S NECK. APPARENTLY UNAFRAID, KIDD WATCHED THE ACTIVITY WHICH SPELLED HIS END.



FIRMLY BOUND, CAPT. KIDD WAS HANGED AT EXECUTION DOCK, WAPPING, ENGLAND MAY 23RD, AT FIRST THE ROPE BROKE FROM THE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY AND IT WAS NECESSARY TO STRING HIM UP A SECOND TIME.



THERE ARE MANY WHO STILL DO NOT BELIEVE THAT KIDD WAS REALLY A BANDIT OR MURDEROUS ROBBER. A WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK FAMILY FORTUNE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BUILT FROM CAPT. KIDD'S EARLY EXPLOITS.



IN THOSE DAYS BALLADS WERE FREQUENTLY WRITTEN CONCERNING NOTED LAW TRANSGRESSORS HERE IS ONE VERSE FROM A POPULAR ONE CALLED "THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN KIDD."

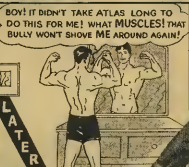
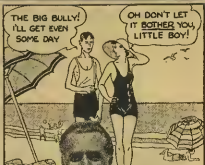
"TO EXECUTION DOCK I MUST GO, I MUST GO,
TO EXECUTION DOCK I MUST GO,
TO EXECUTION DOCK,
WILL MANY THOUSANDS FLOCK,
BUT I MUST BEAR THE SHOCK, AND MUST DIE!"



AND TO THIS DAY, FORTUNE HUNTERS CONTINUE TO SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE FROM NEW ENGLAND TO LONG ISLAND AND STATEN ISLAND.

HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too,
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

IF YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded virility! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

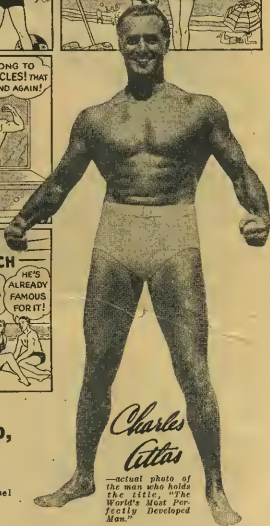
"Dynamic Tension" Does It! Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD

than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 308D, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



Charles
Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 308D,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month." A. J. FROEHNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



"I cannot divulge any information as to my work, but N.R.I. training is coming in handy." L. R. W. ANDERSON. (Address omitted for military reasons.)



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